

# Christmas *with* MOTHER GOOSE

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**WEB COMIC  
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# How Many Miles to Babylon



*"How many miles  
to Babylon?"*

*"Three score miles  
and ten!"*

*"Can I get there  
by candle light?"*

*"Aye! And back again!"*



# On the Way to the Christmas Fair



Jack and Jill  
rode on a horse  
On the way to  
the Christmas  
Fair

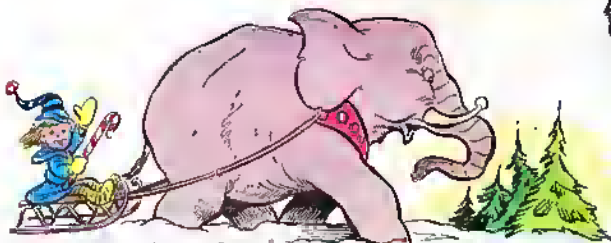
The lady bug and  
the burnie bee  
Caught a ride upon  
the hare.



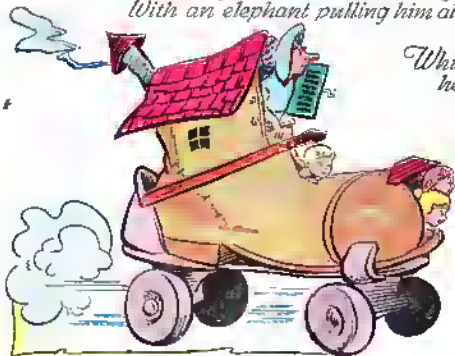
Jack be nimble  
Jack be quick  
Went bouncing  
along on a  
pogo stick.

# *On the Way to the Christmas Fair*

*And the wee little mouse  
from the hickory clock  
Scurried along with  
an empty sock.*



*Little Boy Blue rode on a sleigh  
With an elephant pulling him all the way.*



*While the dame and  
her children in  
the shoe*

*Went skating  
along and  
got there  
'too!*

# The Christmas Fair

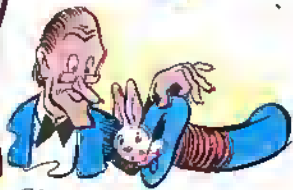
*The folks of Mother Goose Town all were there,  
Laughing and singing at the Christmas Fair*



*Old King Cole and his  
fiddlers three  
Had trimmed a giant  
Christmas tree.*



*Skinny Jack Spratt,  
who would eat no fat.*



*Had a rabbit trick  
hidden away in his hat.*



*Tommy Tucker sang and the cat played the fiddle.*



*Queen of Hearts brought a cake with jam in the middle*



*Marjorie brought her  
beautiful see saw.*



*The fox brought the crow  
and the crow went "Caw!"*



*King Cole's palace was  
agleam with light.  
It was indeed a most  
splendid sight.*

*The Pied Piper tootled away  
on his flute  
And the mice came running  
with cookies and fruit.*



*The barber who would  
shave a pig*



*Went prancing about  
and lost his wig*



*Tom Tinker's little dog  
grabbed it on  
the run;  
All the animals followed  
to share the fun.*



*Finally when all were  
winded or lame,  
Someone suggested  
they play a game.*



*"But," roared the lion,  
"Let's make it quiet!  
We came to a party,  
not to a riot!"*



# Riddles



*Old Mother Hubbard  
Came late to the fair.  
She was so out of breath  
She collapsed in a chair.*



*"I looked in my cupboard,"  
She finally said,*



*"And down in the well-house  
And under the bed,*

*"And I finally found it,  
And here it is—look!  
My wonderful, marvelous  
Riddling book!"*





*"Oh, please let me read one," Peter Piper said  
And here is the riddle Peter Piper read.*



*"As I went through  
the garden gap,  
Who should I meet  
but Dick Red-cap.*



*"A stick in  
his hand—*



*"A stone in  
his throat—*



*"If you'll tell me this riddle  
I'll give you a groat!"*



*"But all of the children  
Said they'd rather look  
At the answers hidden  
In the back of the book.*



*"Listen to the riddle  
that I read, too."  
Laughed little bouncing  
Betty Blue*

*"Little Nancy  
Etticoal,  
In a white  
petticoat—*



*"And a red nose—*




*"The longer  
she stands  
The shorter  
she grows!"*



*"What is it?" everybody cried.  
"I can't tell!" Betty Blue replied*



*"But it rhymes with handle  
Though it's not a sandal!"*

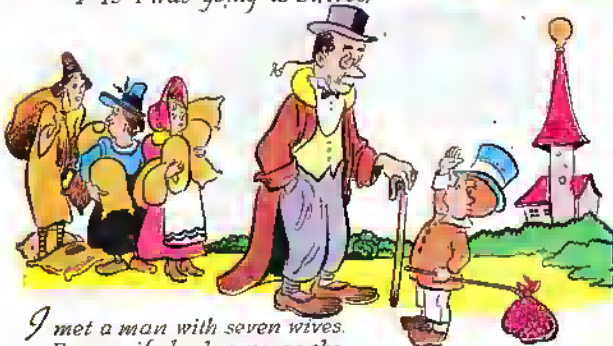


*Tommy Stout gave a grin  
And then he did begin.*

*"Here is a riddle that  
I know very well.  
A riddle and a puzzle  
that I would like  
to tell:*



*"As I was going to St. Ives,*



*I met a man with seven wives.  
Every wife had seven sacks,*

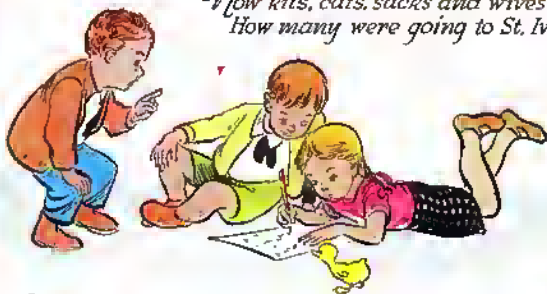


*Every wife had seven sacks,  
And every sack had seven cats.*

*"Every sack had seven cats.  
Every cat had seven kits.*



*Now kits, cats, sacks and wives—  
How many were going to St. Ives?"*



*Mother Hubbard laughed as  
the children worked  
And said, "Now we'll see  
what scholars shirked  
Their lessons all throughout  
the year—  
Come, I have one last  
riddle here."*



"Two legs sits on three  
legs  
With one leg in his lap.



"In comes four legs  
When two legs takes  
a nap."



"Four legs grabs  
up one leg  
And dashes for  
the door.  
Two legs grabs up  
three legs  
And throws it  
after four.



"Four legs drops  
one leg  
When three legs  
hits him crack  
And two legs picks  
up one leg  
And comes quite  
proudly back."



Then with a shout and a  
quick turn about  
The children grab the  
riddling book.

And flipping the  
pages in a  
flash  
They turn up  
the answer  
page for  
a look.

Answers are on last page

# The Night Before Christmas



The door opened wide and the  
children flocked together  
For in strode an old man  
dressed all in leather  
He sat himself down with the  
children round his knee  
Laughing and giggling and  
squealing with glee

"Tell us a story," cried Saucy  
Susie, very bold  
He gave a wink and a grin  
and here's the tale that  
he told:

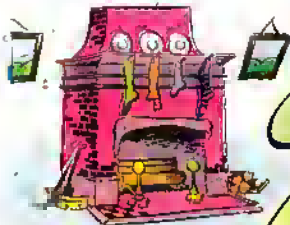


It was the night before  
Christmas  
And all through the  
house  
Not a creature was  
stirring.  
Not even a mouse

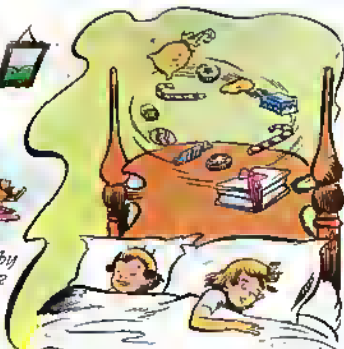


*"From 'A Visit From St. Nicholas' by Clement C. Moore*





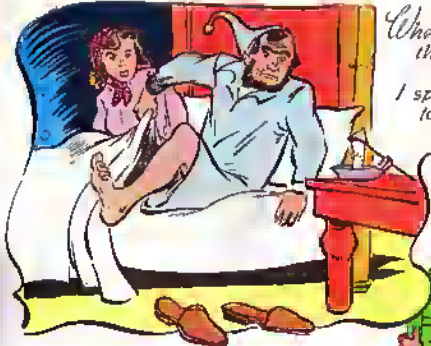
*The stockings were hung by  
the Chimney with care  
In hopes that St. Nicholas  
soon would be there.*



*The children were nestled  
all snug in their beds,  
While visions of sugar plums  
danced in their heads.*



*And Mamma in her 'kerchief  
and I in my cap  
Had just settled down for  
a long winter's nap:*



*When out on the lawn  
there arose such  
a clatter,  
I sprang out of bed  
to see what was  
the matter*

*Away to the window I flew like a flash,  
Tore open the shutters and  
threw up the sash.  
The moon on the breast of  
the new fallen snow  
Gave the luster of midday  
to objects below.*



*When, what to my wondering eyes should appear  
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer*



*With a little old driver  
so lively and quick,  
I knew in a moment it  
must be St. Nick*

*More rapid than eagles  
his coursers they come,  
And he whistled and shouted  
and called them by name*



*Now Dasher! Now Dancer!  
Now Prancer! Now Vixen!*

*On, Comet, on Cupid!  
On, Dunder and Blitzen!*

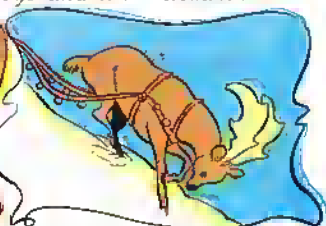
*To the top of the porch,  
to the top of the wall,  
Dash away, dash away,  
dash away, all!"*



*As dry leaves that before the wild hurricane fly  
When they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky,  
So up to the housetop the coursers they flew,  
With the sleigh full of toys and St. Nicholas, too*



*And then, in a twinkling  
I heard on the roof*



*The prancing and pawing  
of each tiny hoof*



*As I drew in my head  
and was turning  
around  
Down the chimney  
Saint Nicholas came  
with a bound*



*He was dressed all in fur from  
his head to his foot,  
And his clothes were all tarnished  
with ashes and soot.*

*A bundle of toys he had  
flung on his back,  
And he looked like a  
peddler just opening  
his pack.*



*His eyes, how they twinkled!  
His dimples, how merry!  
His cheeks were like roses,  
his nose like a cherry,  
His droll little mouth was  
drawn up in a bow,  
And the beard on his chin  
was as white as the snow*



*The stump of a pipe he  
held tight in his teeth,  
And the smoke it  
encircled his head  
like a wreath*



*He had a broad face and  
and a round little belly  
That shook when he laughed,  
like a bowl full of jelly*



*He was chubby and plump,  
a right jolly old elf.  
And I laughed when I saw  
him in spite of myself*



*A wink of his eye and a  
twist of his head  
Soon gave me to know  
I had nothing to dread.*



*He spoke not a word, but  
went straight to his work,  
And filled all the stockings,  
then turned with a jerk.*



*And laying his finger  
aside of his nose*



*And giving a nod, up the  
chimney he rose*



*He sprang to his sleigh, to  
his team gave a whistle.  
And away they all flew like  
the down of a thistle,*

*But I heard him exclaim, as  
he drove out of sight,  
"Merry Christmas to all  
and to all a good night!"*

# Mistress Mary

*Mistress Mary,  
quite contrary.  
How did your  
garden grow?*



*When the Summer  
sun was here  
And we had no  
ice or snow.*





*It grew quite well  
as you can see;  
Here are preserves  
and jam.*



*They'll all taste fine  
when we sit down  
To eat our Christmas  
ham.*

# Pie for a king



*I'm an elf who  
works and works  
On Santa Claus'  
toys*

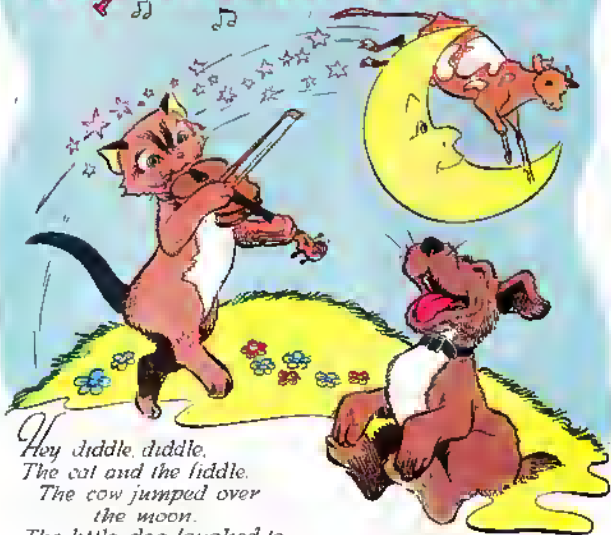
*We paint dolls for  
little girls  
And sleds for  
little boys.*



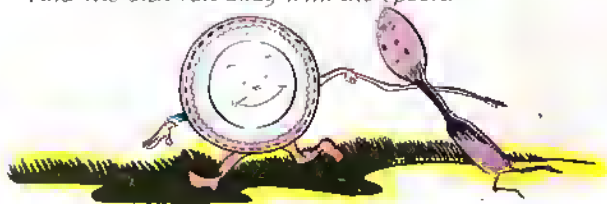
*And sometimes when we're hungry  
Simple Simon, he will bring  
A pie that's big enough for all  
And fit for any king!*



# Hey, Diddle, Diddle



Hey diddle, diddle,  
The cat and the fiddle.  
The cow jumped over  
the moon.  
The little dog laughed to  
see such sport,  
And the dish ran away with the spoon.



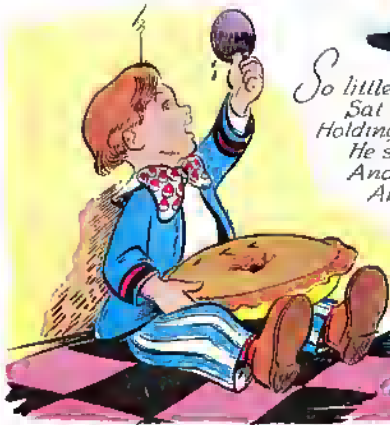
# *and* Little Jack Horner



*"Hey, diddle, diddle!" cried  
bright little Jack.  
"How can I eat my pie?  
The dish and the spoon  
won't be back  
And I'm hungry enough  
to cry!"*



*So little Jack Horner  
Sat in the corner  
Holding his Christmas pie  
He stuck in his thumb  
And pulled out a plum.  
And said, "What a  
good boy am I!"*



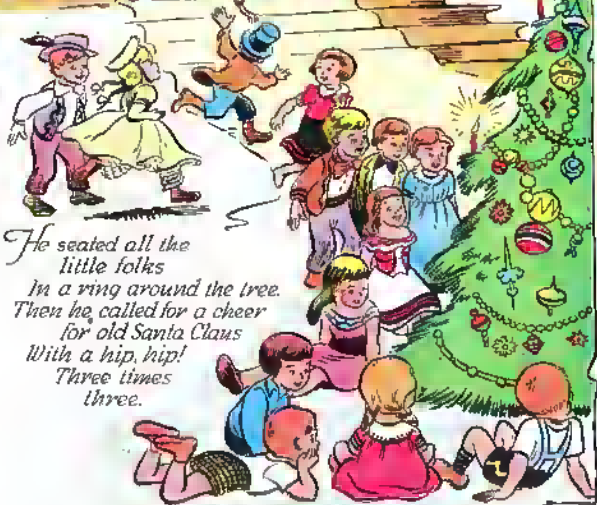
# Old King Cole

## and the Limerick Game



*Old King Cole  
was 'a merry old soul  
And a merry old soul  
was he.*

*He called for his pipe  
and he called for his bowl  
And he called for the  
whole compan-nee.*



*He seated all the  
little folks  
In a ring around the tree.  
Then he called for a cheer  
for old Santa Claus  
With a hip, hip!  
Three times  
three.*



*"We'll have a limerick game  
When I call you by your name.  
Stand up and recite  
by the Christmas tree light,"  
Said Old King Cole with a  
jolly old grin,  
"Come on, Tom Tucker;  
you may begin!"*

*J. Tucker stood up,  
took his hat from his head,  
And in a firm voice  
this is what he said:*



*"There was a young lady whose nose*



*Was so long that it  
reached to her toes.*



*So she hired an old lady  
whose conduct was  
steady*



*To carry that wonderful nose!"*



*Then up jumped little  
Betty Blue.  
She knew just what she  
would do.  
She curtsied left, she  
curtsied right,  
In a high pitched voice  
she did recite:*



*"There was an old man  
in a tree*



*Who was horribly  
bored by a bee.*

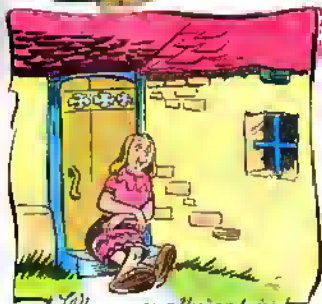


*When they said, 'Does it buzz?'  
He replied 'Deed it does.'*

*It's a regular brute  
of a bee!"*

*Georgie Porgie, hat in hand,  
Slowly rose and took the stand.*

*There was a young lady  
of Norway*



*Who casually sat in  
a doorway.*



*When the door squeezed  
her flat.*



*She exclaimed, 'What of that?'*



*This courageous young  
lady of Norway."*



*When Marjorie Daw  
heard her name,  
She jumped to her  
feet to exclaim,*

*"There was an old man  
who said 'Hush!'*



*I perceive  
a young  
bird in  
this bush!"*



*When they said, "Is  
it small?"*



*He replied,  
'Not at all!'*



*It's four times as  
big as the bush!"*

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,  
jumped to his feet  
And his tale was begun:

"There was an old person of Ware

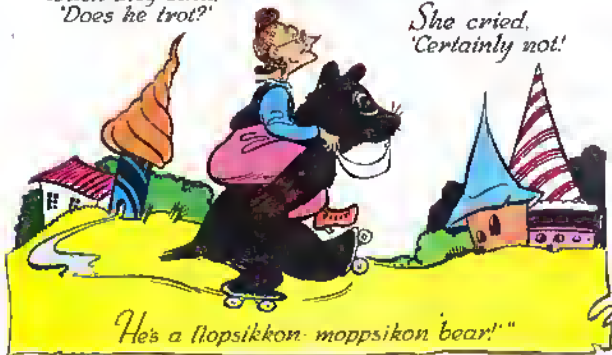


Who rode on  
the back of  
a bear.



When they said,  
'Does he trot?'

She cried,  
'Certainly not!'



He's a flopsikkon moppsikön bear!"



Tommy Snooks and  
Betsy Brooks  
Who'd walked in every  
weather.  
Up they got and  
here is what  
They happily sang  
together.



"There was an old man  
in a tree  
Whose whiskers  
were lovely  
to see.



But the birds  
of the air  
Plucked them  
perfectly bare

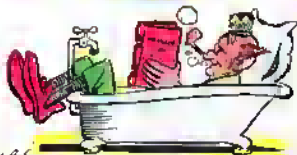


To make themselves  
nests in that tree."

*At last Humpty Dumpty,  
With a smile very droll,  
Stood up and recited  
To his friends and King Cole*



*"There was an old man  
on the border*



*Who lived in the utmost disorder: He danced with the cat*

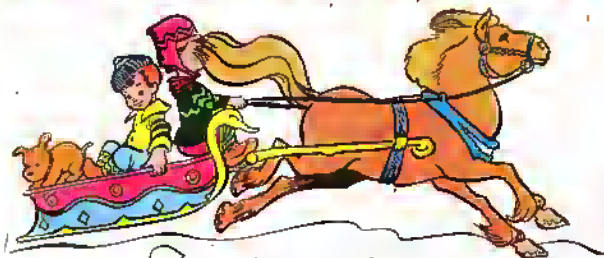


*And made tea in his hat.*

*Which vexed all the folks  
on the border"*



# To Market



*To market, to market,  
to buy a fat pig.*



*Home again, home again, jiggity jig!*

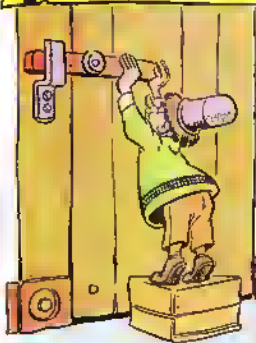


*We'll take it!  
We'll bake it!  
We'll eat the fat hog!*

*Home again, home again,  
jiggity jog!*



# Thimble Thatch



*Thimble Thatch,  
draw the latch  
Sit by the fire  
and grin*



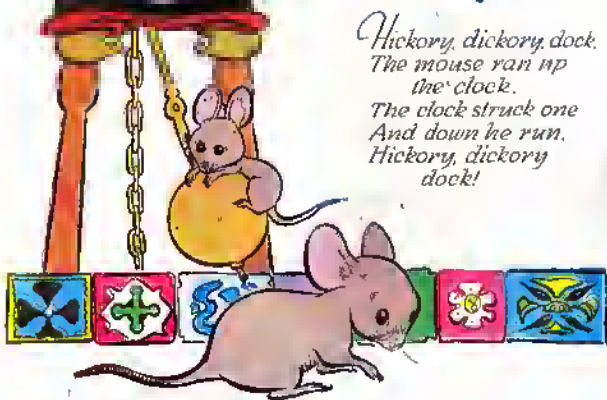
*Take a sock and  
fill it up.*



*And call the  
children in!*

# Hickory Dickory

765



*Hickory, dickory, dock.  
The mouse ran up  
the clock.  
The clock struck one  
And down he run,  
Hickory, dickory  
dock!*

*And when he had  
run down again  
What do you think  
that he did then?*

*He fell into a  
Christmas stocking,  
Hanging high upon  
the wall.*

*And in the morning—  
it was shocking!  
He was the best  
surprise of all.*



# The Last Arrival at the Fair

Said the Crooked Man  
to Old King Cole,  
"Someone is missing, a  
jolly old soul!"

He's always around at  
this time of the year.  
I'm really surprised that  
he isn't here!"



"I know who you mean,  
you mean Santa Claus.  
Now watch the fireplace  
over there, because

He's coming soon with a  
great big surprise.  
You won't be able to  
believe your eyes!"



And then there was  
scarcely a sound.  
As down the chimney  
with a bound

Came a tiny elf  
lugging a sack.  
And King Cole was the  
one taken aback.







*"My sakes alive!" cried Old King Cole,  
 "You're not much bigger than a mole!  
 Where is Santa? And who are you?  
 You've dropped like stardust from the blue!"*



*"If you want Santa  
 don't look far!"  
 For I'm not dust  
 of any star,  
 I'm Santa Claus  
 and no disguise!  
 And if you doubt  
 me use your  
 eyes!"*



*"Why, so you are! But  
 how can it be?"*



*"Aye! 'Tis the strangest  
 thing a man could see!"*



*"Well," said Santa with a smile,  
 "Just listen to my tale awhile!"*

# Santa's Story



*"This morning," said  
Santa, "Everything  
looked fine!"*

*"The sky was like crystal,  
the air was like wine."*

*"My castle, a gleam in the  
clear morning light,  
Was the scene of bustle, to  
make ready my flight."*



*"My two  
elfin helpers, Tinkle and Hoots,  
Were shining with care my  
tall leather boots."*



*"While Winky and Pinky,  
with many a quip,  
Were trying out my new  
licorice whip."*



*"And Mother Claus, without  
having me ask it,*





"The Black Giant's raging about again!  
He's after you with the strength of ten!"



"The Snow Queen looked  
pale and ill.  
So frightened was she  
her voice was shrill!"



"Never fear,' I said, 'He can't hurt me!  
For I'll be away long before tea!"



"Ha!" she cried, "He's lying in wait!  
He vows to get you, sure as fate!"



"He wants the key to the gum drop mine.  
He swears to eat it all by nine!"

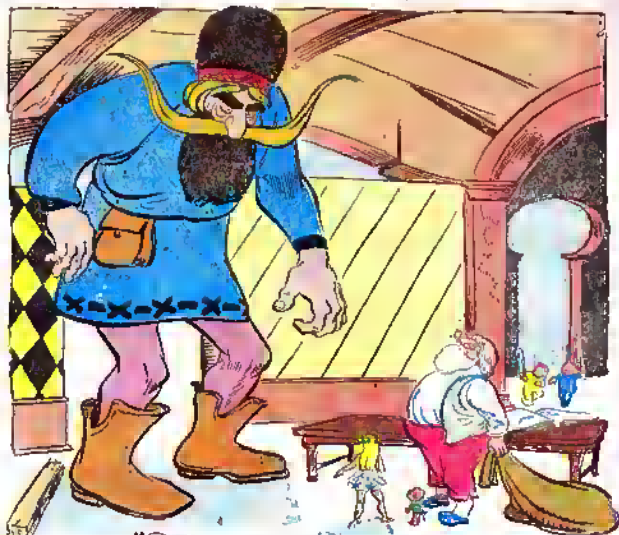


"The candy is for the children, sure!  
But none goes to that greedy boor!"



*As I cried this out in voice full sore,  
We heard a hammering at the door:*

*"A growl like thunder! A  
rumbling roar!  
Then the timbers fell in  
upon the floor.*



*"There, like an idiot tree of wood,  
The evil, grinning giant stood.*



*His hand made a grab like a flash,  
There was a blinding light—a crash!*



*"The next thing I knew  
I was running in the hall,*



*"My head in a whirl—  
I was very, very small!"*



*"What happened?" I asked  
the fairy Snow Queen.*



*"Magic," she answered.  
"It's plain to be seen!"*



*"The Black Giant has wrought  
some evil spell  
And has stolen your key. I  
know full well!"*



*"Twinkle's voice broke out,  
'What's worse, I'll wager,  
He's taken away your  
golden ledger!"*



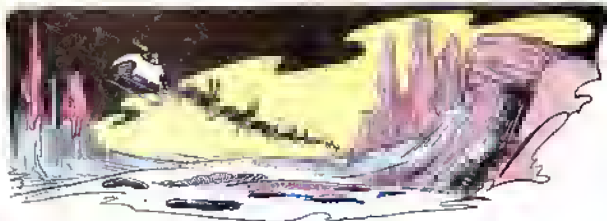
*"Then in a frenzy we rushed  
off to look,  
And, sure enough, he had  
stolen the book.*



*"It contains the names of the  
girls and the boys!  
Without it I cannot deliver  
the toys!"*



*"As we ran to my sleigh I  
bemoaned my new size  
And my reindeer beheld me  
with doubt in their eyes.*



*"We rose like a duck hawk swift in the air  
To see giant tracks leading straight to his lair*



*"Then very carefully we sneaked  
in the door—  
And instantly heard an  
earth shaking snore*

*"The blackhearted rogue was  
asleep like a log.  
Ah! Now was our chance to  
befuddle the dog!*



*"Carefully, breathlessly,  
closer we crept,  
Near to the spot where  
the wicked one slept*



*"And then with the ledger  
just in our grasp  
The snoring voice stopped!  
And I gave a gasp—*

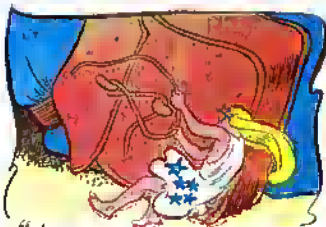




"We suddenly saw the evil one waken  
I can assure you our courage was shaken.



"The Snow Queen, however, proved  
she was brave.  
With the speed of light she  
jumped at the knave



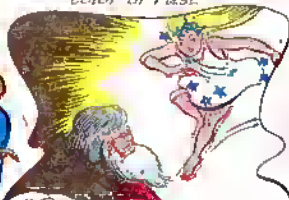
"As she sprang to the edge of  
the giant's couch  
She ripped open the cord  
on his leather pouch.



"There fell from within a  
peculiar dust,  
A soft, gleaming powder the  
color of rust.



"And then, while I stood there,  
dumb with surprise,  
The Snow Queen flung hand-  
fuls into his eyes

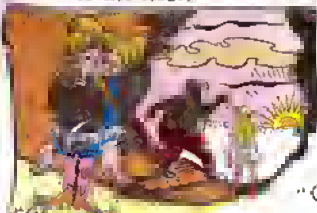


"Once again I saw the  
lightning flash.  
Then a long rumbling,  
thundering crash.



"The giant cried out with an  
angry roar—  
I pulled the fairy Snow Queen  
to the floor.

"Hla! It was magic! The giant  
grew small.  
In a flash he was hardly  
three feet tall!



"We ro— him and tied him  
good and tight,  
And I noticed then it would  
soon be night.

"The big book of names must  
quickly be found  
For soon I must start on  
my annual round.



"Suddenly I found it! And we  
ran to the sleigh,  
And in scarcely a moment we  
were off and away!



"The spell will wear off soon,"  
said my friend,  
'And all will turn out  
well in the end!'



*"And now, though I've finished my  
work for the night,  
I wonder if maybe the Snow  
Queen was right?"*

*And just as Santa finished  
all he could tell  
He started to grow—'twas  
the end of the spell.*



*The children all laughed—King Cole gave a cheer:  
"Merry Christmas to all, and a Happy New Year!"*

# Answers to Riddles



*Peter Piper says that  
Dick Red-cap is nothing  
more than a cherry!*



*And little  
Betty Blue  
says that*

*Nancy Ethicoat is, of  
course, a candle.*



*And Tommy Stoul says.  
"How many were going  
to St. Ives? Count me!"*



*And Mother Hubbard says.  
"Two legs is a man, one  
leg is a leg of meat,  
three legs is a stool,  
and four legs is a dog."*



Rub a dub dub,  
Three men in a tub  
And who do you think they be?  
The Butcher,  
The Baker,  
The Candle Stick Maker,  
All trimming a Christmas tree.